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ance. Accordingly they were subject to the extreme individualism which has been the occasional glory but the more frequent bane of mysticism. How is the creative principle of the Friends compatible with any form of organization whatsoever? Theoretically it is not; yet by his practical genius and good sense, Fox was able to devise an organization which fitted his followers as neatly as Wesley's clothed his. That is to say, the Quaker forms are singularly adapted to the Quaker spirit, and by them the sense of the meeting controlled the aberrations of individuals. Mr. Braithwaite abundantly proves the interesting thesis with which Rufus Jones has made us familiar, that among the Friends mysticism became socialized.

W. W. FENN.

Historical Portraits, 1700–1850. The Lives by C. R. L. FLETCHER, the Portraits chosen by EMERY WALKER, with an Introduction by C. F. BELL. In two parts. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1919. Pp. xlivi, 268; vii, 332. 12 sh. 6 d.)

WITH the appearance of these two handsome volumes the series of historical portraits with which the Clarendon Press has so enriched the available fund of illustrative material, comes for the time being to a close; though one may venture to hope that the success of these issues will be sufficient to encourage another volume which will complete the roll of worthies of the nineteenth century. In a sense these later volumes are of still more interest than their predecessors; for, by a curious paradox, many of these portraits are less familiar than those of earlier date, and of more immediate value in many ways.

There are two points of view from which such a collection may be approached; one is artistic, the other literary or historical. There are, to begin with, probably no two men in the world who would agree on precisely the same list of portraits to be thus honored by reproduction; and it is fair to say that the collaborators of this volume are to be congratulated in general on their selection. Yet the principle on which they worked remains a mystery. It is not greatness, for George IV. has a full page, while Adam Smith and John Wilkes—strange pair—divide a page between them. It is not beauty; for Charlotte Sophia—surely the homeliest of all royalties ever limned—gets a full page, while the beautiful portrait of the Princess Charlotte Augusta has only a half. It is certainly not artistic excellence; for Gainsborough's Sheridan gets half a page and Reynolds's brilliant Tarleton only a third, while Severn's wretched Keats, supported by two chairs, rises to full-page dignity.

When it comes to the biographies the case is clearer; for there we have a canon of evaluation which is as obvious as it is amusing. The portraits, one may hasten to observe, have not been chosen with political bias. But—the Duke of Wellington “hated democracy with a well-reasoned hatred, based upon knowledge and experience”; “The Holland

House gang which set to work to rehabilitate so many lost souls" could do nothing for Shelburne, though an "ingenious but not wholly successful attempt to say something good for Lord Holland has recently been made". "The unscrupulous partisanship and personal rancour" of Macaulay against Croker is noted, without a reference to the reverse of that picture, Croker's attitude toward Macaulay; and "it is infinitely to Wesley's credit that he was no politician; although he had every temptation to play the democrat".

It is perhaps apparent from these scattered quotations on which side of the political arena Mr. Fletcher's sympathies lie. Yet however convinced a democrat one may be, he must be grateful, as well as sometimes amused by the pungent observations scattered by the way in this collection of biographies and appreciations. They are—an amazing thing when one considers how dull men have made such things before!—extraordinarily readable. And a picture-book which one can read is surely a prodigy. For one needs only to consider the biographies which have accompanied the portraits of other such collections to perceive that Mr. Fletcher is as much a genius in his way as Mr. Walker is in his; and that between them they have produced an extraordinarily entertaining and instructive book. And if they had done nothing else to merit the thanks of historians, they have reproduced the most amusing portrait of an historical celebrity in the world—that of Edward Gibbon. For every one says, instinctively, "Is that Gibbon!" And Mlle. Suzanne Curchod is finally avenged.

WILBUR C. ABBOTT.

Palmerston and the Hungarian Revolution. By CHARLES SPROXTON, Fellow of Peterhouse. (Cambridge: University Press. 1919. Pp. xii, 148. 7 sh. 6 d.)

THIS admirable dissertation was awarded the Prince Consort Prize in 1914. Then came the war and a scholarly career of exceptional promise was cut off. Charles Sproxton, fellow of Peterhouse, received his first commission within a month after the declaration of war, was promoted lieutenant in 1915, and captain in 1916, was twice wounded, received the military cross for conspicuous gallantry and resource, and fell on July 19, 1917, on the western front. Mr. Temperley, who was his tutor at Peterhouse and who has written a brief and impressive biographical sketch, says that "He did not enlist, as some did, because it was a duty, but because he considered it a privilege. In his eyes the war was a holy one because a crusade against evil." Captain Sproxton now lies in France, that holy land of our afflicted day. Modest—no one could ever get from him any account of the incident that won the military cross—shy, imaginative, religious, dreamy, and poetical, gifted with an extraordinary feeling for style, for "words which flushed and glowed", he had also the taste for historical research and the technique of the scholar, as this dissertation abundantly proves.